

CONFERENCE POINTERS

Hill Top Echoes
Camp of the
100 Fires



Lake Breeze
Camp of the
4 Fold Life

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Giving

*Who hath no purse, nor golden coin,
Who holds no land in fee,
He singeth gay on Christmas Day
In jolly beggary.
For who hath naught to give but love,
Gives all his heart away,
And giving all, hath all to give
Another Christmas Day.*

—Charles W. Kennedy: Scribner's Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1921

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CHIEFS OF THE OLDER GIRLS' CAMP CONFERENCE, 1921.

We, the six omnipotent chiefs, do bequeath to our followers these articles of use, and otherwise:

1. Our domicile—Bay View—and twenty feet of surrounding ground, to be kept absolutely inspector-proof; the front porch with its grand'n' glorious view of the lake, the clothes line by which our house is securely fastened to the oak tree, all four whole chairs, and the remains of the fifth.

2. The antics we practice in our cheer-leading, being a combination of Ann Pavlova's ideas and our own. We decline to leave, fearing they will not be executed as we desire.

3. The various pains that traverse our vertebrae and other "joints" from the unusual early morning "set-ups" Glad gives us we pass on unreserved.

4. The P. O. and "Add' building, from the hours of 8:30 to 12:50, we leave entirely in the hands of the tall blonde man whom we noticed therein; being absolutely anti-socializers, however, we plead ignorance as to his name.

5. Our six seats of honor in the dining room, we leave to the "chiefs to be"; may they jump on their chairs less vociferously than some chiefs have.

6 The Shield—our inspiration, aspiration and desperation. We have, after much cussion and discussion, decided to leave with the Navajo Tribe, to have and to hold, until some other tribe takes it from them.

7. The spirit of Geneva we take with us—our six selves full—but the beauty of it is that next year, when the tribes assemble, the spirit will be here in full force, and Braves of 1922, we'll be adding our hearty good wishes to help you along, and the spirit that we have taken with us will make us all the more able to wish you well.

Thus, the last council fire of 1921 having burned itself into cold gray ashes, we do relinquish all claims to the aforementioned articles, and roll merrily on our way—with just one more big "Good luck, and may you get the most out of camp!"

Prepared by M. F. LITTLEPAGE.

Signed: THE BIG SIX.

Get busy in the Conference Pointers subscription contest.

MINISINO

says:

Give



Not only give gifts to your friends, but give a real gift to Him—a gift of self, and service, for the New Year. Remember, He gave All. Think this over, and make your gift to Him head up your list of gifts this Christmas time.

M. F. Littlepage

WINNIPESAUKEE REGISTRATION CONTEST.

Will your photograph appear in this space in the January issue of Conference Pointers?

The big battle between the New England campers is on; two girls have already hopped over into No Man's Land and have reached their first objective, namely the registration of at least one new camper for 1922. Leave it to the women to set the pace. Isn't a woman a terrible fighter when she gets mad. Up and at 'em, you fellows.

Owing to the fact that the November and December issues of Pointers have come from the press just about two weeks apart, the time for the first month's contest will be extended to January 1. This will enable every New England camper to roll up his or her score.

Get busy, girls, and show the fellows the way.

The Score to Date.

Irene Moore, Deep River, Conn.....	2
Alice Graffam, Portland, Maine.....	1

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold-Life*

DECEMBER, 1921
Vol. VI No. 4

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

Publication Office, Mount Morris, Illinois

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"Lake Breeze"
"Hill Top Echoes"

"The Mountain Mirror"
"Winalmonase"

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Editorial

Conference Pointers takes this opportunity to wish all campers, everywhere, a great, big, hearty, merry Christmas and to express the hope that the New Year will bring to all many rich experiences in the Jesus Way of Living. This means, the campers who are attending Oxford and Cambridge Universities, in England, the hundreds who are attending the colleges and universities of our own land, the high school campers, the many fellows and girls who are out on the firing line, in business, the "home" crowd, and the many leaders who have played the game with us, in such a mighty fine way, during these past eight years.

What a crowd you are—a tremendous force—making yourselves felt in every part of America, for the onward movement of the work of the kingdom. More power to you all; make the New Year produce BIG.

College campers are again urged to send in their contributions for the college number of Conference Pointers. Don't make us spend postage to personally invite you to do this. We can't afford it. Now, will you be good, and

send your stuff in immediately, at once?

DOINGS OF THE MIGRATORS.

During the past three weeks, Kinji jumped to St. Paul, then to West Virginia for a tour of the state, back to Chicago and then to Minnesota for a tour of cities in the state.

Daddy Waite "yumped" to "Visconsin" to see Yahn Yonsen, then to West Virginia for a series of three regional State Conferences; West Virginia's first, and then to New Jersey. Remember that song, "Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, hoo-ray! Jersey, the very best state I know"? Dad is probably singing this lustily at the moment this is being written. In New Jersey, Daddy is attending the Young People's Conference at Somerville, which is the bailiwick of Janet Craig and the rest of that "skeeter" bunch.

Wadjepi has just returned from ten days in Pennsylvania. In Erie he met a number of the old campers: Myrtle Dalton, Marj. Vail, Esther Handke and oodles of others, including Miss Nutting, Mr. Bonsall, Nate Harrington, Grace Thomas, etc., plus.

We Wish Our Readers a "Merry Christmas"



KINJI'S COLUMN.

This is the Christmas season, and I begin by wishing you—not the stilted, usual Christmas greeting—but a real “Peace, good-will to men” experience.

The world is thinking “Peace and good-will” this Christmastide, as at no other. Washington, London, Dublin, Belfast, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo and hundreds of other cities, representative of nations and races, are instinctively feeling the real need of Christianity in a greater meed than ever.

It is a time of giving oneself to our friends as the great founder of Christianity “came not to be ministered unto but to minister” and to give his “life a ransom for many.” When we give things, we really offer ourselves. A gift represents so much money, and this amount of money is the equivalent of oneself for the period necessary to the earning or accumulation of the money represented in the gift. Only gifts that cost us something in the giving are worth anything, as “the gift without the giver is bare.”

The original spirit of Christmas was in emulation of God’s giving on Christmas morning—the giving of Himself to the world of men—that through God, living after the manner of a man, man might copy and live after the manner of God. This is our Jesus Way of Living, the secret of Conference Point and Geneva Point—the center of the Geneva spirit. On Christmas morning our gifts to our friends is our effort to give ourselves in the Jesus Way. It is well to remember, too, that books and pictures and money and goods—even the world’s best merchandise—are poor substitutes for everyday helpfulness—

the assistance of mother in the home, father at the center of the family need, and relative or friend in the place of help. Washing the dishes, cleaning the side-walk, a spirit of persuasive cheerfulness, the inspiring word or smile and the pausing from one’s own interest to help another in study, play, work, joy or sorrow—that is the real Christmas gift or Jesus Way or Geneva Spirit.

“As the world gives, give I not unto you.” A real gift with no thought of return! A giving because of the genuine desire to give, as God gave and gives. To be oneself at one’s very best, as God is, all the time with Christmas as its anniversary day, because it is the birth of Jesus and the Jesus Way.

This, then, is my Christmas wish for you, my personal friend, today.

WITH MINISINO IN FRANCE.

Campers at Lake Geneva this summer will recall the cablegram that was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, on board ship enroute to France. We have all been looking forward to some news in Conference Pointers regarding Minisino’s travels abroad, and here we are with the first installment, just in time for the Christmas number. We are particularly fortunate in getting these first-hand views of European conditions, from such a keen observer as is Minisino.

Campers who have never met Mr. Danforth personally will recall that he is the chairman of the Young People’s Division Committee of the International Sunday School Association. It was Mr. Danforth who gave the Tipi-wakan at Conference Point, to be dedicated to the training of older boys and girls for leadership in the Sunday Schools of America.

Down the Battle Line.

July 29, in France.—From Ypres in Belgium right down the battle front, criss-crossing back and forth, clear on to the Vosges Mountains. We have been over the scenes of four years of cruel war. I know something of the sights and sounds and smells of the battlefields and now I know something of the conditions three years after the war is over. We have seen ruins—ruins everywhere. We have passed towns

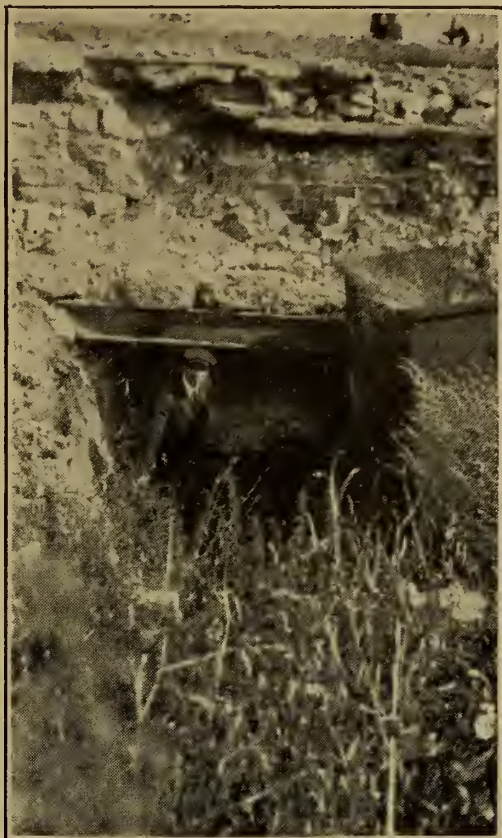
where absolutely nothing remains but cellar foundations and the name upon a scarred sign-post. Then we have been startled at the splendid comeback of others with their patchwork of stone and brick and red-tiled roofs showing that France has a spirit of reconstruction just as she had a fighting spirit for four long years. Never in my life have I seen so many brickyards. Every little hamlet has one or more and I am constantly reminded of Moses and the Egyptians, because now these bricks, just as in those olden days, seem to be made with straw.

The Spirit of France.

France, in the war zone, is busy. After the armistice most German prisoners were put to work filling up shell holes and today right on the battlefield you see marvelous crops of wheat and oats. How the ground was ever levelled the Lord only knows. Frequently, we would stand beside a field rich with its harvest while right next to it would be holes and dug-outs and barbed wire entanglements which would make you say that such land would absolutely be impossible of cultivation. Surely the war developed a trait in many which enables them to really overcome the impossible. England seemed to be upset in its rural communities over an eight-hour farming law but not so in France. From daylight to dark—twenty hours it seems to me—the French peasant and the women and children of his family are working in the fields. Surely they deserve to succeed and they will.

Talk French with Hands.

I have lived over every day that I spent in France in 1918. I have shaken



hands and kissed both cheeks and talked my pigeon French and Mrs. Danforth stands around in amazement. She has had a great respect and fear of irregular French verbs but she says they never bother her because I talk exclusively in nouns, with a few pronouns and adjectives thrown in. It's really wonderful what you can say with the use of your hands and many "bons," and "beaucoup" and "tout suites" thrown in. Anyway, we have never missed a good meal nor lost our way nor failed to get the "drift" of the conversation. I could write a whole letter about the delightful experiences I have had in meeting these brave people whom I knew over here during the war.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, BEACONS.

Hooray, Beacons!

We're \$338.00 on our way to Kinji's Christmas gift, but now's no time to crow over results. We're still a long ways off from our goal. At camp, we sang that good old Beacon song, "We'll all stand together in all sorts of weather, we're Bea-cons." Let's change that to "We'll all pull together," and then let's pull as we have never done before to get that \$950.00 for Kinji by Christmas.

You'll soon get your Beacon Round Robins. She's a traitor Beacon who keeps the Robin more than three days. Twenty Robins have been started from the home port. Let's see which Robin will come flying home again first.

We've got to make this class the BEST CLASS that ever came to camp. That's a big job, when we think back over the wonderful ones that have gone before, but we're 206 strong, and WE CAN DO IT. You've all received your one Beacon letter from your humble President. Watch the mails for another one.

Wajepi, Kinji, the Yaps, the other Geneva classes, all campers have their eyes on our class, to see if we are going to reach the big GOAL we have set ourselves. WE MUST NOT FAIL. MAIL THAT CHECK TODAY to P. G. Orwig, 1516 Mallers Bldg., and put us five or ten dollars nearer our BEACON GOAL.

I love you all.

GLAD PENNINGTON.

A HOPE AND PRAYER FOR FRUITFUL YEAR FOR LONE PINE CLASS.

To the Lone Pine Class, Greetings:

As I sit here in my office, looking out on a cold, wintry day, my mind goes back to a certain meeting on a Sunday evening, several moons ago. As I shut my eyes to all around me, I can clearly see a big rock, a stretch of clear water, a group of fine fellows, but clearest of all, a tall pine tree, standing guard over a stretch of beach and water. How long it has stood there I know not, but that it has a tale of battles won, and hardships endured, I know.

It is a fitting symbol for us of the

Lone Pine Class, and I wonder if its challenge has sunk deep into our lives. Can we stand the hard storms that blow around us, and remain stalwart in the Jesus Way? Can we stand the "freezings" that oftentimes come to real Christian fellows when they stand for what is right?

As I remember the bunch of last summer, I am happy and proud to be your Mentor; it is a challenge to me, personally. And as we enter the new year, with all it has in store for us, my hope and prayer is that it may be the biggest year in your lives, full of good things, and that I will be able to grab your hands at Winnepesaukee again this summer. But I don't want to greet the same fellows; no, I want to see bigger ones—mentally, physically, socially and religiously.

Sincerely,

FRED D. CARTWRIGHT.
WABISI, Mentor.

POINTERGRAPHS.

"Gil" Crossley Becomes Instructor in Pennsylvania State College.

"Gil" Crossley, of Erie, of the 1918 "Allies" is this year an instructor in Electrical Engineering in Sophomore and Freshman laboratory, and also teaches one senior electrical subject, at his alma mater, Pennsylvania State College. "Gil" also has charge of all radio experimenting, as well as being in charge of the wireless station at the college. In addition to all this work, he is carrying his regular work as a student at State.

There is no use denying that we are mighty proud of "Gil." We missed him at camp this past summer, but he writes that he is going to make a desperate effort to get back to the old hilltop next year. We will all be mighty glad to have "Gil" back with us again.

"Lone Pine" Class Letterhead.

The "Lone Pine" Class have blowed themselves to some neat letterheads, on which appears the names of Joe Morledge, Grove City, Pa., President; Howard Hamilton, Columbus, Ohio, Vice President; Robert Lincoln, Albany, N. Y., Secretary, and Chandler Brooks, Everett, Mass., Treasurer. The "Lone Pine" bunch are a sporty lot, and no

wonder. Look who's the Mentor of the bunch: his royal nibs, the Honorable Peter Cartwright. The "Lone Pine" Class is out to make a big record for itself. Watch them!

Here's Salesmanship for You.

"Enclosed you will find my registration for next year's camp and also that of my cousin. I've talked camp so much that my father is very anxious for her to attend next year. I have several more prospects that I am lining up and hope to have their registrations very soon. Maine must have more registrations next year, and I am working to that end." So writes Alice Graffam of Portland, Maine. Great work, Alice, line 'em up, and show the rest of that New England bunch how a real "Maniac" puts things across.

TREAT 'EM ROUGH.

The man who thinks football has degenerated into a nice, soft, wishy-washy game should read this and take courage. This is the way they play football down in the coal regions in Pennsylvania. The hero of the following incidents is our friend, "Lutzie," and he tells his own story:

"I am playing football with a team composed of fellows from Shickshinny, and this year it seems to be my luck to get hurt every game. One game a fellow stepped in my eye; gosh, but I did have a shiner. Another time a tooth was knocked out. I was knocked out twice in that game but you bet your life I was in at the end of the game. In one game a fellow walked on my face; my upper lip was swelled to about three times its natural size; also had a black eye and had my face skinned; tore a ligament in my leg, but worst of all my nose, "suffering Bedelia!" but it was sore, and with the swelling of my face and my nose added to it, I don't believe the skin on my face could have expanded another fraction of an inch. BUT, O boy, it was a great game!"

The managing editor is writing Lutzie to inquire if the players down his way arm themselves with axes or hand grenades.

Lutzie's friends will be glad to learn that he has been elected Superintendent

of his Sunday school. Lutzie broke into Sunday school affairs in a real way through the Luzerne County Older Boys' and Girls' Conference, then to Winnepesaukee, for training, now Superintendent of his Sunday school. That's the Geneva spirit. Congratulations, Lutzie.

MRS. WILLIS M. HOTT.

To folks generally Augusta, Kansas, means a thriving little western city whose chief interest is in the oil business, but to a heap of folks Augusta, Kansas, means the home of the new Mr. and Mrs. Willis M. Hott, whom many camp girls will happily recall as Miss Gertrude Neville. (The groom's name was the same before his marriage.)

All newlyweds effervesce, but this is the "effervescent-est" pair anyone ever saw. Those of us who know the bride do not wonder at the groom's enthusiasm and delight, and to those who knew only the bride and not the groom, let me say that all your hopes have been realized in him.

They were the fairest and most pleasing to the eye that have ever graced the marriage aisles of the First Baptist Church of Kansas City and we know that the knot has an unusual twist, for Dr. Abernethy came from Washington, D. C., to perform the operation, on October 29 it was.

Geneva-ly yours,
GLADYS WEBBER.

"WAY DOWN IN OLD INDIANA."

One of the many fine things which grew out of the organization of the H. O. G.—Hoosier Order of Geneva—was the establishment of a Definite Work Committee. This committee is composed of camper boys and girls from all sections of the state. Each is given the name and address of the campers in his section of the state and made responsible for finding out what they are doing in the local Sunday school work.

Definite things are suggested at the time they need attention to the committee members, and through them passed to every Geneva camper in the state.

Effort is being made to enlist all Geneva-ites in the work of the township and county organizations, as well as in local work.

All Right Pennsylvania We Hand It to You Again

Pennsylvania maintains her lead in the Conference Pointers subscription contest. Ontario is second and captures the special bonus for having turned in the largest number of subscriptions since the last issue of "Pointers." We have some inside information of the doings of other states, so all we have to say is "Look out for surprises." Get subscription blanks from your state office, or use just an ordinary piece of paper, giving us the name, address, and the cash to cover. Remember the slogan, "Every camper a subscriber to Conference Pointers."

STANDING OF STATES

<i>State</i>	<i>Total No. Campers</i>	<i>Campers subscrib- ing</i>	<i>Total No. subscrip- tions</i>	<i>Points</i>	<i>State</i>	<i>Total No. Campers</i>	<i>Campers subscrib- ing</i>	<i>Total No. subscrip- tions.</i>	<i>Points</i>
Penna.....	346	159	174	250	Ind.....	64	31	36	0
Ont.....	45	32	47	170	La.....	17	6	6	0
Mo.....	403	125	150	90	Me.....	6	5	5	0
Ohio.....	123	75	90	60	Man.....	5	0	1	0
Iowa.....	55	19	29	50	Mich.....	16	6	6	0
W. Va.....	184	58	77	50	Miss.....	3	0	0	0
Colo.....	43	35	66	40	Mont.....	1	0	0	0
Ky.....	15	10	19	40	N. H.....	5	4	4	0
Calif.....	31	17	23	30	N. J.....	11	7	7	0
Ill.....	239	68	108	30	N. C.....	2	0	0	0
Kans.....	62	32	41	30	N. D.....	19	5	5	0
Minn.....	56	39	49	20	Okla.....	6	3	3	0
Conn.....	3	2	2	10	Ore.....	6	0	1	0
Mass.....	34	16	27	10	R. I.....	4	3	4	0
Md.....	3	2	3	10	S. C.....	9	4	5	0
Nebr.....	11	3	4	10	Tenn.....	1	0	2	0
New York..	71	44	56	10	Texas.....	3	1	2	0
Alabama....	47	2	3	0	Vt.....	1	0	0	0
Ark.....	5	2	2	0	Wash.....	1	0	0	0
D. C.....	1	0	0	0	Wis.....	72	38	41	0
Fla.....	1	0	0	0					
Ga.....	3	0	0	0					

KINJI'S HONOR CLUB
Who First?